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THE FLAG of SECESSION.

Tune—"Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say can't you see by the dawn's early light
What you yesterday held to be vaunting and dreaming,
The Northern men routed, Abe Lincoln in flight,
And the palmetto flag o'er the Capitol streaming,
The pumpkins for fare,
The foul fetid air,
Gave proof through the night that the Yankees were there,
Now the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.

'Midst the dust that is raised by the fugitives' feet,
His acts of coercion now bitterly rueing,
See the Rail Splitter running in panting retreat,
And gallant Virginia in laughter pursuing ;
Now he catches a beam
Of the bayonet's fierce gleam,
And he hurries away with a jump and a scream ;
And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.

But where is the despot who came to our soil,
In the garb of the soldier—his minions disguising,
And shewed them our fields and our homes as their spoil,
We only can say that his speed is surprizing ;
O'er the fences he made
When that was his trade,
He has leapt in his fears from our vision to fade ;
And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the freed and the home of the brave.

Oh, such is the welcome the Southron bestows
On the minions who strive to make slaves of a nation,
We've a hand for our friends but the sword for our foes,
And the charge of our soldiers in fierce exultation ;
Then again to the fight,
And God for the right,
And the Northmen shall shrink from our warrior's might,
And the flag of secession in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the freed, but the home of the brave.

THE FLAG OF SECESSION.

Tune—"Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, say can't you see by the dawn's early light
What you yesterday held to be vaunting and dreaming?
The Northern men routed, Abe Lincoln in flight,
And the palmetto flag o'er the Capital streaming,
The pumpkins for fare,
The foul cold air,
Gave proof through the night that the Yankees were there,
Now the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Whist the dust that is raised by the fugitives' feet,
His rag of secession is flittingly meeting,
See the Rail Splitter running in panting retreat,
And gallant Virginia in flight pursuing;
Now he catches a beam
Of the bayonet's fierce gleam,
And he hurries away with a jump and a scam;
And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

But where is the desperado who came to our soil
In the garb of the soldier, his minions disavowing,
And showed them that he holds our homes as then spoil,
We only can say that his speed is surprising;
O'er the fences he made
When that was his trade,
He has kept in his hands from our vision to fade;
And the flag of secession in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, such is the wrong that the Southern bestows
On the millions who strive to make slaves of a nation
We've a hand for our friends but the sword for our foes,
And the charge of our soldiers in fierce exultation;
Then, again to the light,
And God for the right,
And the Northern shall shrink from our warrior's might,
And the flag of secession in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, but the home of the brave.

Hollinger Corp.
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